

Manalillo Community

Youth Services Center

from behind the walls...

The Voices of our Youth....

Speak out

The Voices of our youth speak out Publication of Writing and Art-work from inside the Bernalillo County Juvenile Detention & Youth Services Center

This publication is dedicated to “The Beat Within”, the residents’ of the Bernalillo County Youth Services Center, the residents’ of the Youth Development Diagnostic Center, the residents’ of Camino Nuevo AIC, the residents of the San Juan County Juvenile Detention Center, as well as to the writers’ who have submitted work from around New Mexico. If not for the writers’, and for the wide-spread talk of the Beat, it wouldn’t be what it is today in New Mexico. Thank you writers’.

It’s hard to believe three years have already gone by, and the Beat Within is still a great success here in the Land of Enchantment. I’m proud to announce that since the “Beat” has come to life in the Center, we have reached out to the kids in both correctional and treatment facilities across New Mexico.

There are many people that should be thanked for the continued success of the “Beat” here in the state of New Mexico, however the inspiration truly comes from one place, The Kids! they are the ones who have spread the word about the “Beat” and how it has been a benefit to them. They see their writings being published in the weekly publications, and they know these publications are being seen nationwide and beyond. For the kids, this is a great accomplishment. Many of these children have been told that they would amount to nothing and end up either dead or in prison. Yet for most of them, they just want to change their lives. They want a life free of drugs, free of crime, free of hate and prejudice. Unfortunately most, if not all of the kids that get released from detention, go right back into the negative environments’ they were in before. Many kids are sent back with hopes of success, yet they feel they have been set up to fail by the system that should be helping them.

While working in the Transport department and doing the “Beat”, I have been able to see different aspects of their lives. I have been able to see them on the unit where they show strength, in court where they show fear, and in the “Beat” where they show true emotion. I have read and heard about their mental & physical abuse, drug abuse, homelessness, but most of all, their lack of family support and lack of education. In the first edition of the book, “The voices of our youth speak out publication”, I had the book edited in detail so many of the writings could be better understood. The last thing I wanted to do was have our kids look uneducated. After I completed the book and started on the second edition I realized that I had made a mistake in doing this.

In the pages you are about to read, the stories and art are from the kids in their own words. Their writings have had minor editing. I want the readers to see that we as the public need to step up and help our youth with more than just a safe place to stay, a table to eat. We NEED to help educate our children! Without a proper education they are being set up to fail.

Steve T. Serna, Youth Program Officer I / Transport Officer

Being involved in “The Beat Within” program has exposed a number of constructive and disturbing dynamics to me. Beginning with the positive, some residents display a hopeful attitude with a sense of purpose in their writings. They truly have good intentions and are determined in becoming productive - something different than what they know. They write about a better way of life, without the drugs and gangs. They want an education and a chance at becoming a successful adult. These are the exceptions, the ones that get out of the system. It’s important to note that some residents exhibit this behavior solely to get what they want out of the system. Our line staffs at JDC are very familiar with these performances and respond accordingly to this and other conduct disorders. In addition, residents exemplify major learning disabilities, which is seen in their writing and grammatical skills. Last year, Steve and I corrected their writings and presented them in the 1st edition. This year, Steve is submitting the writings with very little alterations. Without the adjustments, the lack of education and need for appropriate schooling is apparent. Some of these kids are writing and reading at a 3rd grade level, hence the low levels of achievement. There’s a mixture of reasons for this, starting with the lack of structure in their home to mitigating the influences of their peers. Through “The Beat Within” program, residents are able to incorporate coping skills, engage in interactional group therapy, promote positive relationships, and apply expression of thoughts. Once the residents read the responses from “The Beat” staff, they have the opportunity to receive feedback and advice, and acquire a different perspective concerning their writing. I’ve seen the encouragement and sense of self-worth the residents feel by means of this program. For all intents and purposes, the program is vital for the improvement of their modest academic skills and development of their mental/emotional states. Without either of these, this generation will regress even farther away from the basic essentials that encompass education and a healthy, growing environment.

Lisa Santoyo, Youth Program Officer I / Transport Officer

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For over two years now, The Beat Within has been an active and beneficial program for our youth at the Bernalillo County Youth Services Center. As this facility has grown over that period of time, so has the Beat Within program, evolving into a nationally recognized program. The ability for youth to express themselves through their writings and art work has had a tremendously positive social and emotional impact on the youth involved.

Youth Program Officer I Steve Serna has been the driving force behind the success of this program for the Center. His love of writing, concern and compassion for youth, and commitment toward constant improvement has earned him the respect of the youth he works with and his fellow peers. His efforts are well recognized and supported by the Youth Services Center and Bernalillo County.

This program has not only successfully reached hundreds of youth while detained at this facility, but continues to allow a venue for youth to express their fears, frustrations, and pain after their release. The program offers youth an opportunity to express themselves while participating in our Youth Reporting Center and Community Custody Programs. Many letters, poetry, and art work have been contributed by youth who have moved on to other facilities, as well. This is another indicator of the far-reaching impact this program has had on the youth we serve.

My continued thanks to Steve for his commitment to this program and the youth we serve, and to the youth who have contributed their heartfelt work to this book for others to share. As well, continued thanks to the Bernalillo County Commission & Administration for their support for our children.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Thomas E. Swisstack". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Thomas E. Swisstack
Director



Roswell

Bullets flying, kids dying, mothers crying, ain't anything new. This is how it goes, this is what we do you can find meth, weed, crack, every kind of drug, every where you go you can find thugs, black rags, grey rags, white and red, every single color of them has been dead. On these crazy town streets we all pack heat, selling drugs to eat. No one can stop the crime; no one can stop the hate. For most of us teen is already too late. If you live in Chuaweta or Sur Ville you probably seen people die or maybe you have killed. 16 years old selling ice, gun on my waste taking lives. In my town it's roll or get rolled. Stay packing rounds making bodies cold. A place people say God don't see. This is every day, watching people bleed behind a gun with some one dead in front of you in a park. Bullet holes in heads whether it's light or dark. Sitting in Juvi, yelling gang's through the doors, this life of sin is all just a war. Roswell till I die never show fear never ever cry every one gets a set, every one wants to play. These gangs we love and some of them we hate, living in these lives death is our fate. 17 Roswell boys sit behind these C.Y.F.D gates can't leave, can't go, just sit hear and wait. Some of us are in Y.D.D.C and some in John Paul Taylor waiting till were free to make enemies fall. We don't learn anything or try to change. Were still with a click, and still in a gang, some of us will die some will always be in cells. We don't believe the lies we hear it is just like being in hell, so we all sit and wait till they open up our cage behind these bob wire fences, we will never change.

Xavier

Tear you Apart

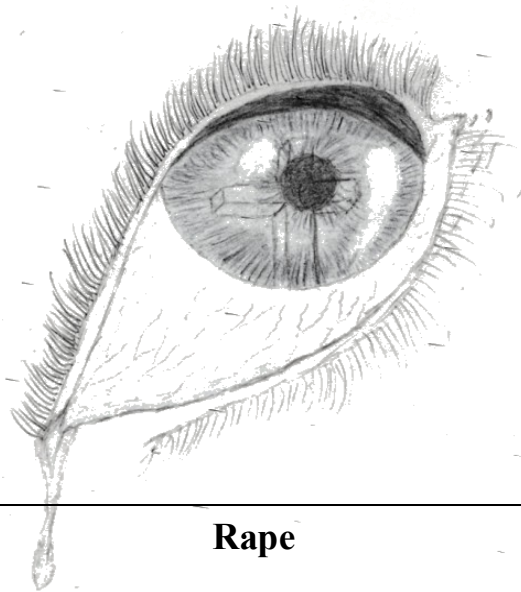
Let me tell you about my self
Let me tell you what I do
I'm dark black and would like to be in you
I'll have you hurting and crying on the ground
Or I'll have you feeling like you're flying around town
I can be your worst enemy or your very best friend
Mess around with me and you'll be hooked in the end
You'll do stuff you wouldn't just to see me
I'll have you stealing from stores, your mom
And your friends just for me
I'm like a relationship: your heart's set on me
And soon before you know it you're fatal for me
And when I am gone you'll call to come back
Some consider me a dirty woman a nasty little tramp
I'll try to play you: all I want is you attached
Days with out me your body feels attacked
I'll have you sweating, hurting and praying I'll come back
I'll put you to sleep: maybe you'll never come back
And if you do awake you'll just want me right back
I'm everywhere you go no matter where you are
My real goal is to kill you, to tear you apart
I'll make you so ruthless you won't have a heart
Keeping your girl, family and friends far apart
You can use me in a needle, foil, or a straw
Suck me through your nose, lungs, or poke through your arm
So now before I go I hope you learned something?
Go messing with me and you'll be six feet DEEP!!!

Tim

Getting it off my chest!

When I was a little kid this was real hard for me! There were 3 of us growing up in a two bedroom trailer with an abusive dad. Things always got a little hectic. My dad was always abusing me and my two older brothers over stupid little things. Before I was born my mom and grandma would tell me that my dad would hit my mom while she was pregnant with me like the night I was born my dad kick my mom in her stomach. My mom told me that she could feel me crowing in the shower, she took her self to the emergency room while in labor. My dad came in the hospital drunk and my mom asked that he leave because he was drunk. My life since I was a little kid has been ruff, when I started getting older I started to notice more things like how my dad was not only hitting us but he would say some hurtful thing to me and my brothers. I have seen both of my brother's get duck tapped, hit with sticks, and wires. It hurts me to know that I got a father like that, I think that's why I ended up the way I did because no matter what he neglected me but my point it.... That no matter how jacked up your parents are, don't let them bring you down, make life the best of it because you never know when It will be taken from you!!!

Christine



Rape

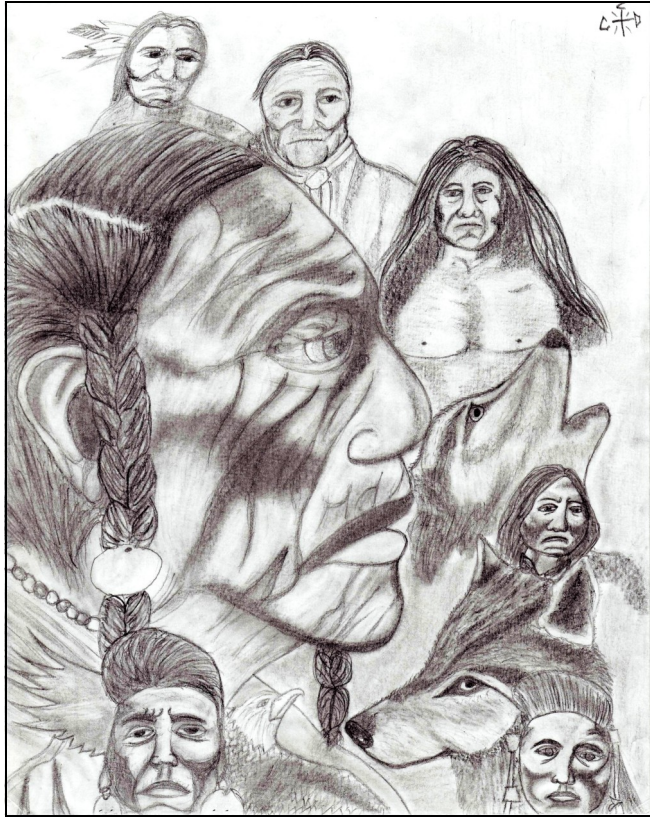
He goes in there and rips off all of her clothes
He tells her not to tell anyone
He forces his way on her
She feels the blood running down her leg
She let out tears
They fall off her face like bullets
She tries to over come this pain but she can't
She tells her mom but her mom don't believe her
Her tears never stop
Her pain never leaves
Her wrists never stop bleeding
She needs help but she's afraid to ask

Lil Angel

Disease

He fell in love with some thin black as night
Something that won't let him put up a fight
Feeling good on the outside
Eating him up on the inside
Got hooked on the first taste
Thinking his life is a waste
First blast owned his soul
Never again going to feel whole wanting more then just a tease
Heroin isn't a drug it's a disease
Telling his family lies
Watching as him madre cries
With his smile he hides his pain
His whole life thrown away through a vein
I don't want to lose him
Already I've lost him
Owning his mind, body & soul
But with his life he pays the toll
Praying his time can get freezed
Heroin isn't a drug it's a disease

Loud Wun



Art by
Christian



The Choice of Pain

I was starting to smoke like crazy
A pattern that continued every Tuesday
It was something about the smell it was hotter then hell
It made me go on a hunt just to get an extra blunt
People never saw what I've seen
It made me say F the law, didn't give a F, now I'm in juvi hall
The courtroom thought it was just a game
Now I'm sitting here in pain all because of my choices
Should have never listened to all them voices
Now a little something about the D-home
Can't even use the phone, can't even shower alone
You start to miss the simple things
I wish God could give me some wings so I can fly out of here
And let every body hear that this is a bad place to end up
All you hear is shut up now I tell you all from my heart
Don't let this place be the start because once you're in
You'll never win
Let me tell you about this place
Everybody judges you because of your case
They tell you when to go to sleep
It's like you don't even own your own feet
Don't have a choice on what you eat
They tell you were to have a seat.

King Henry

Grief

It's early yet the month is one
Although you can't see me I've just begun
I'm a little seed growing in side of you
It's early yet the month is two
Even through you cant see me I'm apart of you
Wait and see mommy will be so very proud of me
It's early yet the month is five
Mommy killed me
I'm no longer alive, abortion
Is its name taking a life before it's alive?
We'll time has been passing
I would have been born right on time
Even though I'm in heaven I must cry
Because of mommy I had to DIE.

Baby Bashful

My Biography

Around my 12th birthday I meet my homie Jesus who was several years older than me. I looked up to him like a big brother and he seemed to take an interest in my life. His friendship meant the world to me, and we were always together. His friends became my friends, but I was in for trouble.

It wasn't long before he got locked up and I started kicking it with the rest of the homies. I realize now what a big mistake I was making. Proverbs 28:19 says, "A mirror reflects a man's face, but what he is really like is shown by the kinds of friend he chooses." My new buddies were the kind I knew to stay away from, but I went with them anyway. Their presence in my life would have a huge impact on my later development.

Hanging out with older kids made me feel grown up and important. They always did what they wanted and never played by the rules. Drugs were always around, too, and were a big part of all the fun. It wasn't long before I was using with the rest of them, then I got addicted.

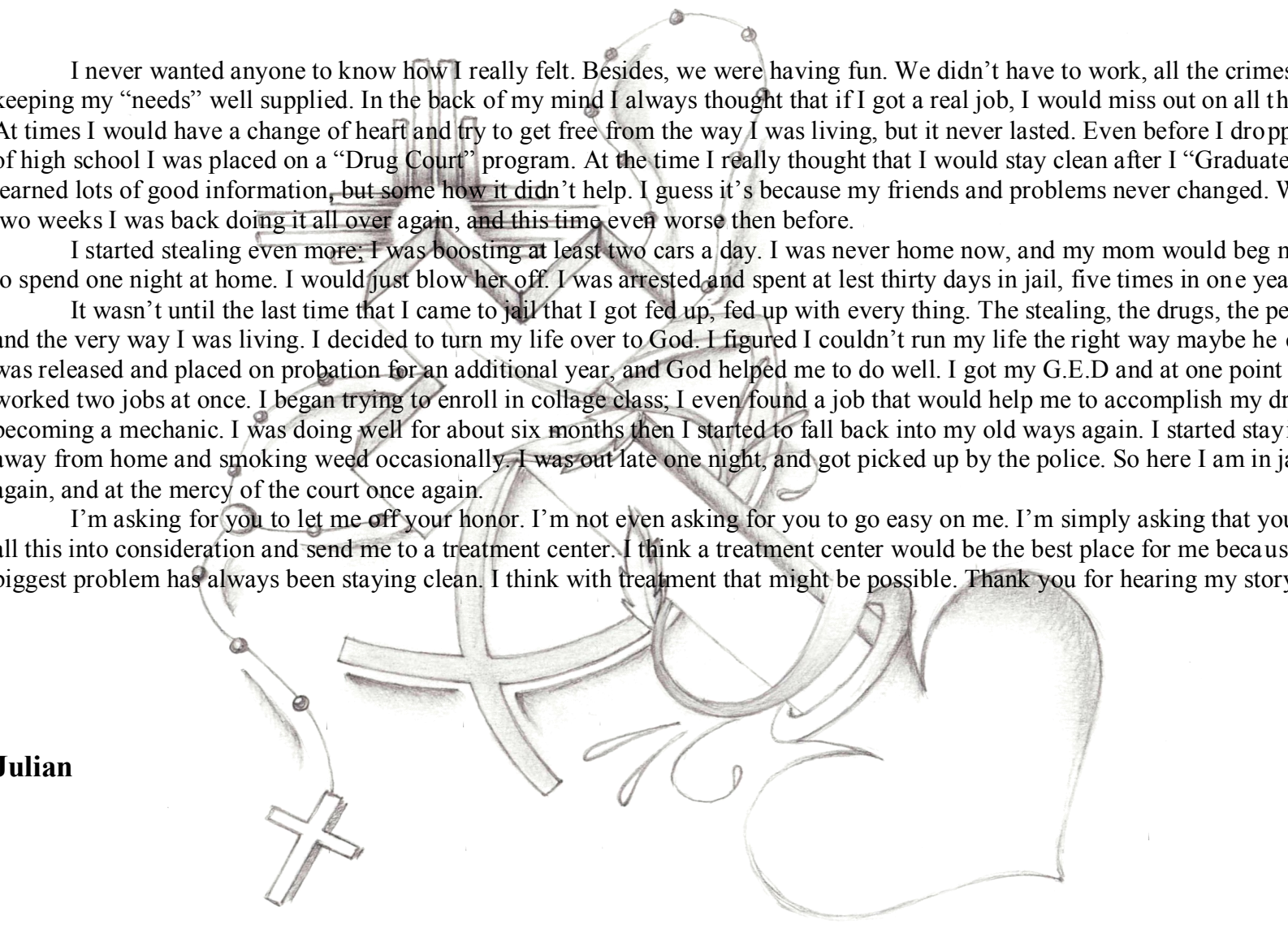
The more I used, the emptier I felt, and the emptier I felt the more I used. It's like a craving that never goes away. I wish I had never tried the stuff, but once I did, I could never get enough.

I guess it was the emptiness I felt inside that made me jump into drugs so fast once they became available. The first thing I started doing was smoking weed, then I started smoking meth and drinking alcohol too, pretty much every day. If you are addicted to something you will put it before everything that you love. Life started falling apart fast. At the time I thought I didn't care, but I did. I was just too high to realize it; it was also getting harder to hide what I was doing because people started to notice.

The principal's office started looking way too familiar. My teachers were noticing me once again, but this time it wasn't for my good grades. Coming to school high or drunk was nothing for me now. I got suspended over and over again until it lost its meaning. By the time I should have been a junior in high school I only had two credits, and was reclassified as a freshman twice. I figured I might as well drop out altogether. My family was upset about it, but they all had so many problems of their own that no one had the energy to deal with one more. Since I was seldom at the house it was sort of, "Out of sight, out of mind"

By now I was doing every kind of drug I could get my hands on. Methamphetamine, acid, marijuana, mushrooms, alcohol, and occasionally cocaine, of course I had to pay for my addictions, so a life of crime wasn't far behind. Breaking and entering, stolen vehicles, and drug dealing were all part of my "Rap sheet"

We got pretty good at terrorizing the neighborhood. Looking back now I feel a lot of shame over all that we did, but at the time I didn't think about it. I knew it was wrong, but the drugs helped numb my feelings of guilt. If I was bothered by it I tried hard to push it aside, I had an image to protect me.



I never wanted anyone to know how I really felt. Besides, we were having fun. We didn't have to work, all the crimes were keeping my "needs" well supplied. In the back of my mind I always thought that if I got a real job, I would miss out on all the fun. At times I would have a change of heart and try to get free from the way I was living, but it never lasted. Even before I dropped out of high school I was placed on a "Drug Court" program. At the time I really thought that I would stay clean after I "Graduated". I learned lots of good information, but somehow it didn't help. I guess it's because my friends and problems never changed. Within two weeks I was back doing it all over again, and this time even worse than before.

I started stealing even more; I was boosting at least two cars a day. I was never home now, and my mom would beg me just to spend one night at home. I would just blow her off. I was arrested and spent at least thirty days in jail, five times in one year.

It wasn't until the last time that I came to jail that I got fed up, fed up with everything. The stealing, the drugs, the people, and the very way I was living. I decided to turn my life over to God. I figured I couldn't run my life the right way maybe he could. I was released and placed on probation for an additional year, and God helped me to do well. I got my G.E.D and at one point even worked two jobs at once. I began trying to enroll in collage class; I even found a job that would help me to accomplish my dream of becoming a mechanic. I was doing well for about six months then I started to fall back into my old ways again. I started staying away from home and smoking weed occasionally. I was out late one night, and got picked up by the police. So here I am in jail again, and at the mercy of the court once again.

I'm asking for you to let me off your honor. I'm not even asking for you to go easy on me. I'm simply asking that you take all this into consideration and send me to a treatment center. I think a treatment center would be the best place for me because my biggest problem has always been staying clean. I think with treatment that might be possible. Thank you for hearing my story

Julian

Community numbers & address

All numbers are local to the Albuquerque, New Mexico area unless otherwise noted.

If you are in the need of emergency assistance, call 911 for the local emergency response. Keep in mind, remain calm as possible and provide the dispatcher with your name, address, a phone number, and any specifics regarding the emergency call.

Albuquerque Public School Police: (505)243-7712

Alcoholics & Narcotics Anonymous: (505)266-1900

Agora Inc, domestic violence: (505)771-6324

Agora Crisis Center: in Albuquerque (505)277-3013 (1-800-273-8255)

Aliviar Counseling Services: domestic violence/education/mental health (505)247-4622

Alcohol-Drug Treatment Referral: 24 Hrs a Day to Help You. Alcohol, Drug, Eating Disorders 1-800-454-8966

Artstreet: 248-0817 (open to everyone Th 11-5pm / Fri 11 – 4:30pm)

Albuquerque Public Schools – clothing bank/vision: (505)344-7481

Albuquerque SANE Collaborative: 1-505-884-7263 (sexual assault nurse examiners)

Adult Protective Services: (abuse & neglect hotline) (505)841-6100 / 1-800-797-3260

Child Abuse and Neglect: 841-6100 / 1-800-797-3260

Children's Outreach: (505)242-4644

Care Net Pregnancy Center: Main center- (505)880-8373

10200 Menaul (505)880-8373

Los Lunas (505)280-6315

East Mountains (505)281-5408

Catholic Charities: Domestic violence/ education/ elderly care/ food/ clothing/ housing/ utilities/ legal/ mental health. Two locations: (505)724-4670 or (505)247-9521

Clothing:

Birthright of Albuquerque: (maternity and infant clothing): (505)262-2235

John Marshall Neighborhood Multi-service Center: (505)848-1345

Store House: (505)842-6491

Store House West: (505)892-2077

Dental Clinic: (505)242-8288

Dental, Community, Services, Inc. (505)836-5422 or (505)843-7493 or (505)345-8300, (505)765-5683

Domestic Violence Family Counseling Program – Probation and Parole: (505)262-4324

Dentist, Carrie Tingley: (505)272-5236

Department of Health: (505)841-4100

Family Advocacy Center: (505)243-2333

Food Assistance/ food stamps: Four locations, (505)841-7954, (505)841-2300, (505)841-2600, (505)222-9200

Food Bank, Roadrunner: (505)247-2052

Healthcare for the homeless: (505)766-5197 info@abqhch.org or www.abqhch.org

Medical Clinic: (505)242-4644

Hogares: Mental Health, (505)342-5449 www.hogaresinc.com

Hogares, General number: (505)342-5400

State Coverage Insurance: (SCI) 1-888-997-2583. www.insurenwmxico.net

Joy Junction: (families who are homeless) (505)877-6967

Legal Aid Society- (505)243-7871

Lawyers, Volunteer – (505)256-0417

Mexican Consulate: Education/legal assistance (505)247-4177

Medical Clinic: (505)242-4644

Milagro Program: addictions & recovery/ mental health. (505)925-2493

New Mexico Survivors of Homicide, Inc – (505)232-4099

New Awakenings: addiction recovery/domestic violence/mental health (505)224-9124

New Futures School (for teenagers only): School based health clinics/women's health/prenatal care. (505)272-0538

Planned Parenthood of New Mexico (PPNM): 265-3722

Psychiatric emergency Services – 247-1121

Parents for Behaviorally different children: Mental health, (505)265-0430

PB & J Family Services, Inc.: Mental health, (505)877-7060

Planned Parenthood: infectious disease/womens' health/prenatal care, three locations, (505)294-1577 or (505)265-5976 or (505)265-3722

Poison Control: (505)272-2222

Probation & Parole, Juvenile: (Bernalillo County) (505)841-7300 - **Sandoval County** - (505)771-5940

Public Defenders Office for Bernalillo County: (505)841-5100

Rape Crisis Center: (505)266-7711

Sun Van transportation: (505)764-6165

Shelter for Victims of Domestic Violence: (505)247-4219

Safe House: domestic violence, (505)247-4219

Senior Citizens Care:

Share your care: (505)298-1700

Health Center: (505)272-1754

Meals Program: (505)764-6400

Shelter for women:

Barrett House – (505)243-4887

S.A.F.E. House : (505)247-4219

SAFE House Thrift store: (505)265-9233

Safe Ride Home: (505)242-7433

Teen Shelters:

Amistad – (505)877-0371
New Day – (505)938-1060
Marie Amadea Shelter: (505)242-1516
New Day Runaway House: (505)881-5228

Shelters:

Barrett House – (505)243-4887 (women & children)
Good Shepherd – (505)243-2527 (men 18 & older)
Joy Junction – (505)877-6967 (families & women)
Abq. Opportunity center – (505)344-4340 (men only)
Rescue Mission – (505)346-4673 (men)
Interfaith Hospitality network family shelter – (505)268-0331
Noon Day Ministry – (505)246-8001 (men, women of all ages)
St. Martin's Hospitality Center – (505)843-9405

Suicide Intervention: (505)272-2920

Alternative Schools:

Evening High School: (505)247-4209
Freedom High School: (505)884-6012
New Futures: (505)883-5680
Sierra Alternative High school: (505)296-6708, (505)292-3572, (505)294-8510, (505)296-6749
Family School: (505)266-1312
Hogares Alternative: (505)342-2395
Career Enrichment Center: (505)247-3658

The Right Step Alcohol & Drug Treatment Albuquerque: (505) 232-9115, (fax)(505) 266-8801, (toll-free)(877) 627-4389

Youth and Family Counseling: (505)841-7374

AMCI: (505)272-9033

Children's Community Mental Health Clinic: (505)342-3794

University of New Mexico Mental Health Center: (505)272-2800 (24-hr crisis line 272-2920)

University of New Mexico Psychiatric Center: (505)272-2861

UNM Psychiatric 24-hour help line: 272-2920

UNM Health Information: 272-6877

UNM Dentist Clinic: 272-4106

UNM School based Health Clinics: infectious disease/mental health/vision/hearing/disabilities

Albuquerque High School: (505)244-1330 (infectious disease/mental health)

East San Jose Elementary School: (505)244-0334 (mental health)

Grant Middle School: (505)220-1113 (mental health/vision/hearing/disabilities)

Highland High School: (505)256-3363 (mental health)

Roosevelt Middle School: (505)281-3602 (mental health/ vision/hearing/disabilities)

Van Buren Middle School: (505)256-2555 (mental health/vision/hearing/disabilities)

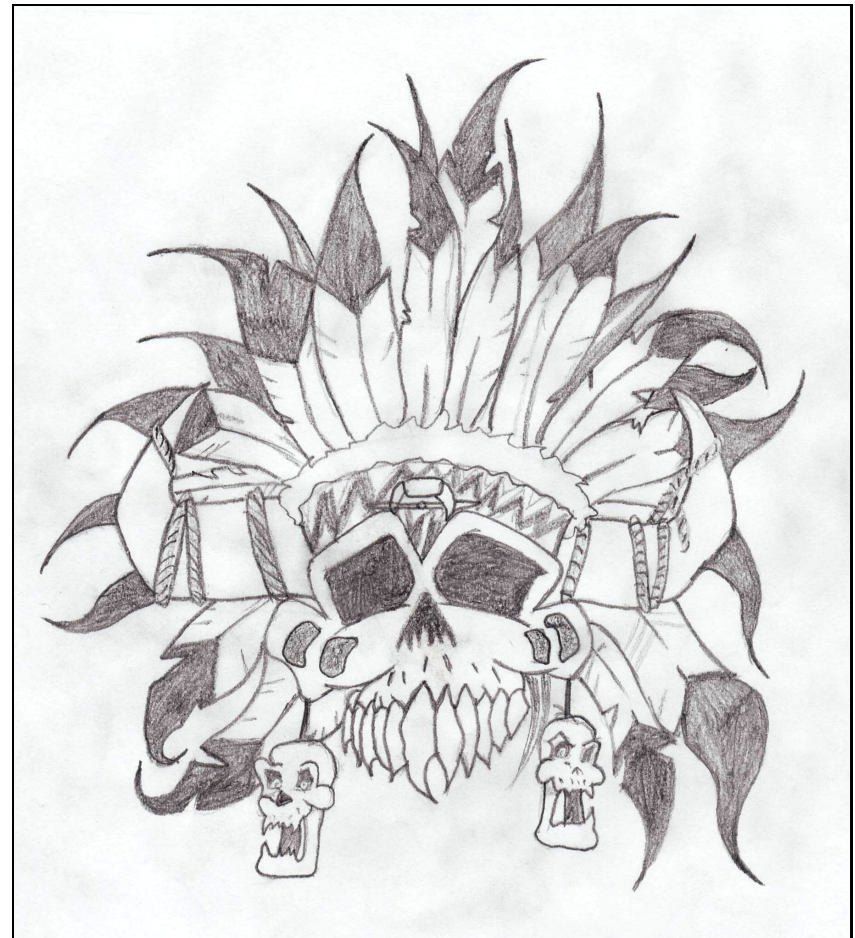
Washington Middle School: (505)248-1116 (mental health/vision/hearing/disabilities)

Willson Middle school & Native American Community Academy: (505) 934-2967 (education/mental health/primary/
vision/hearing/disabilities.

Utility Bill Assistance Albuquerque, LIHEAP: (505) 841-7700 / 1-800-283-4465



Art by: Christian



Second Judicial District Juvenile DWI / Drug Court Intensive Track

The Juvenile DWI/Drug Court program is an intensive supervision program consisting of juveniles between the ages of 13 to 17. They are offenders who have demonstrated their drug dependency by their involvement in the juvenile justice system, sometimes for non-drug offenses, which are directly related to their drug use. The program lasts a minimum of 28 weeks and is aimed at eliminating drug use among the participants. The Juvenile DWI/Drug Court provides frequent random urinalysis and treatment, along with quick consequences for negative behavior, and rewards and incentives for positive behavior and success. The Drug Court Team consists of the Drug Court program manager, probation officer(s), treatment counselor(s), public defender, a district attorney, and a representative from CYFD probation. The team meets weekly with the Drug Court Judge to discuss each Drug Court participant's progress or any problems that the child or the family is experiencing. The team makes recommendations to the Drug Court Judge in response to each child's situation. Participant's are required to attend individual, group, and family counseling, as well as attending NA/AA meetings, while parent(s) are required to attend AL-ANON meetings each month while in Drug Court.

The aftercare phase lasts for a minimum of four weeks. Each participant will be expected to complete and implement a Relapse Prevention Plan. The participant will attend a weekly aftercare group, as well as individual and family therapy sessions, as required by the counselor. The goal of aftercare is to practice the skills necessary to develop and use a positive support network, in order to strengthen recovery before and after graduation from the program.



Judge M. Monica Zamora Honorable Juvenile Drug Court Judge

The role of the Drug Court Judge is to supervise and reinforce the therapeutic treatment of each child participating in the Drug Court rehabilitative process. The Judge's role and extensive time commitment in the process deviates somewhat from the traditional judicial involvement in juvenile court. The Drug Court Judge has created a therapeutic environment consisting of traditional and non-traditional interventions. For example, the Judge provides incentives and swift graduated sanctions for positive and negative behaviors, compared to lengthy delays in judicial review in a typical probationary program. This is made possible through frequent meetings with team members and weekly face-to-face contact with the child and the child's parents. The Drug Court Team assists the Drug Court Judge by identifying available resources in the community and making recommendations to the Judge as to incentives, sanctions and other solutions concerning the child's behavior and situation.



Presiding Judge for the Second Judicial District court
M. Monica Zamora

The Voices of Our Youth is an opportunity for our youth to express themselves in an alternative artistic manner. I have been pleasantly surprised at the creativity that has been shown by these young ladies and gentlemen. It is encouraging for me to see their talents that may not have otherwise been shared with me. I hope that this experience encourages them to explore their hidden talents. They should be proud of what they have created and proud to share their work with others.

M. Monica Zamora
Presiding Judge, Children's Court Division
Second Judicial District Court Judge

This is a story about my time in Roswell New Mexico

On or about 12-1-08 of last year I ran from a group home called The Assurance home. When I was there at the group home it was good, but about a couple hours before I ran some stuff happened to me. I was raped by a boy there, so I left, I ran to my girlfriend's house and I really didn't care about the stuff I left behind. When I left I was on probation and I just needed a couple of months left, but I didn't care so I just started to get high with my homies. I just started to smoke weed, but then my homie introduced me to this one girl he knew. I started to get high with her off of meth, but the thing is that I didn't smoke it I started to snort it. I got so addicted to it, so I was doing it everyday. I didn't eat or sleep for about 2-3 weeks straight. I was so high that I did a beer run for the first time. I really didn't know what to do because I never had done on, so they told me what to do. They said just go in and act like your going to pay for it, just keep walking like your going to the counter and one of us will open the door for you then run out to the car. So I said ok, and threw the beer in the care and I jumped in, and we left as fast as we could.

We got so drunk that we got more meth that day because I needed to stay awake. When we did a line of meth and after it kicked in we went for another beer run, but this time it wasn't easy because my homie the one that did it with me I guess the cops knew him already, so we just left then we went to my homie's house. We wanted to just kick it, but her dad was being all cheap and didn't want to let us in the house, so we had to kick it outside until her homegirl Ray Ray came for us. We bounced to my homeboy Nate's house, then we wanted to go do something so we bounced from his house. Then we got pulled over by the cops, and we were all under age so they took all of us because we were packed in a little truck. My girl was popping pills, and her eyes were rolling back. Then I went to jail and I don't remember the rest of what happened because I was so messed up on meth and so drunk to remember the rest. That's my story.

Amanda



Program For The Empowerment Of Girls

Children's Court Division

The mission of P.E.G. is to intervene in the cycle of abuse and empower girls by providing the tools necessary to recognize and change self-defeating behaviors and realize their potential. The Program is an intensive juvenile probation program serving girls between the ages of 13 and 18 who have some type of violence in their history, either as a victim, a witness, or as an offender. The program lasts a minimum of 16 to 20 weeks with a minimum of four weeks of after-care. Each child must successfully participate in and complete the program before consideration for certificate of achievement and release from probation. In addition, parents shall attend a minimum of six scheduled parent groups.

The participants are to be:

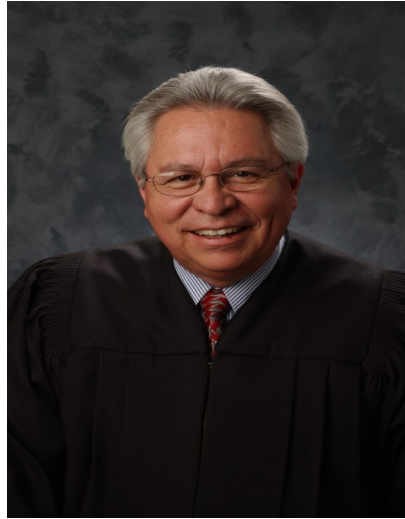
- * Violence free
- * Drug free
- * Attending an education program regularly or otherwise productively engaged

The program includes mandatory parent participation. Siblings may be included when appropriate. The program provides treatment, intensive supervision, support for the family as a unit, and for the members individually. Once a child has been referred for consideration for the program, the screening committee considers factors such as, the child's history, background, and the likelihood that the child's family will be able to provide the structure and support needed for the child to succeed in the program.



Judge John J. Romero, Jr
Honorable Juvenile P.E.G Court Judge

The P.E.G team has created a program which provides quick rewards and consequences for positive or negative behavior. The team consists of a Judge, Hearing Officer, Juvenile Probation Officers, Treatment Counselors, a Public Defender and an Assistant District Attorney. The team meets weekly prior to the court session to discuss each young lady's progress or any problems she or the family have been experiencing. The team collaborates on an appropriate response to each young lady's situation.



Voices of Our Youth reminds us that there is much more to our young people than what meets the eye. The works showcased in *Voices* reveal the hopes, the dreams and the unlimited creative abilities of our kids. The artistic expressions of young people emphasize the good that is in each one. May they seize the opportunity to express themselves and to continue to face life's challenges in positive ways.

John J. Romero, Jr.
District Judge, 2nd Judicial District
Children's Court Division

Disease

I have a disease not many people understand it. It's more common then cancer and can kill you just as quickly. It runs in families, but they try to keep it hidden. Your friends can pass it to you when they're only trying to have fun. Sometimes you pay for it, it's so common, yet so many people are un-aware that even their child may have it. It's a disease but no one's looking for a cure. There's no awareness month or pink ribbons. Many people who haven't gone through it think its such an easy choice. One time and you're infected and if you don't slow down your gon'na die. There are a lot of people to help you, but you usually think you can control it your self. It tears apart families, destroys lives, and communities and towns. The most respected people to me are those who have over come it, not those who never had it. It's a battle you have to fight your whole life and it's painful, but there's no medication to make that pain go away. It's the biggest battle I've faced. I beat addiction.

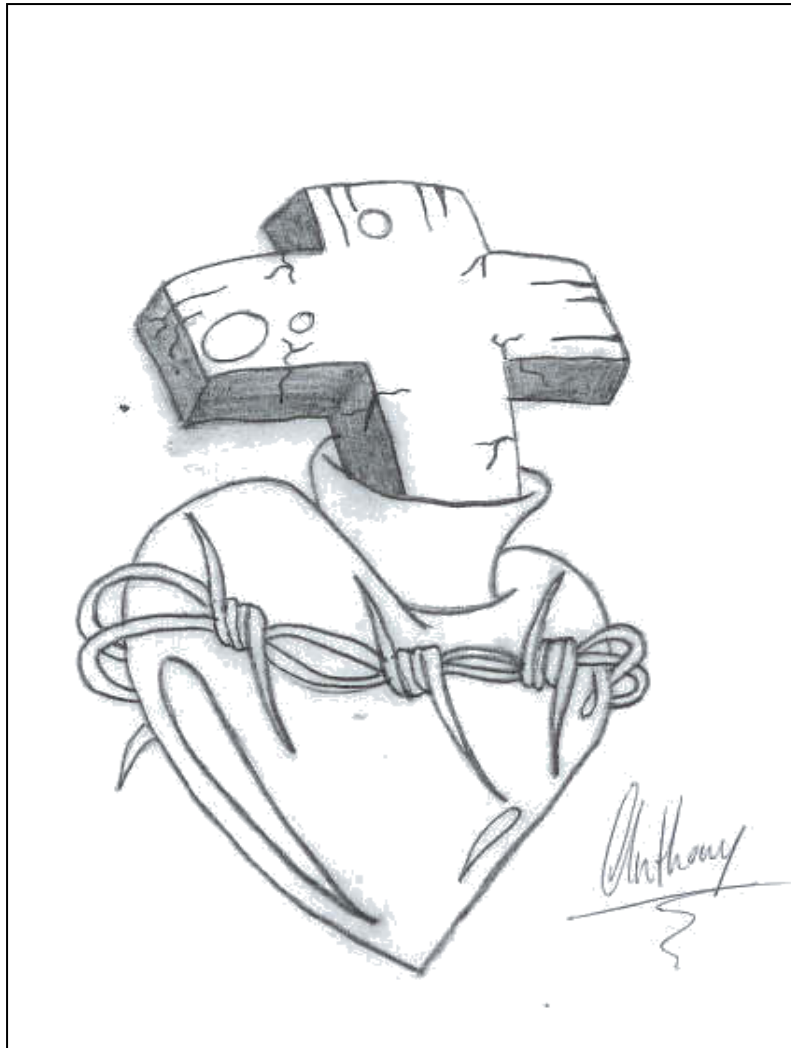
I am only 15 years old and I've been through a lot. I recovered from a serious opiate addiction, ran away, had a miscarriage, a premature birth which resulted in the death of my daughter. My mother is sick and I've been made to grow up quick to take care of her, and my little brother. My parent's have been divorced since I was five. They've been there for me my whole life, so I got lucky. I never broke any laws before I got on probation, but now I can't seem to stop. I've been clean since Feb 9, 2008. I wan'na go to college, but I need to get out'a these halls first. I need to go home and take care of my family.

Clarissa

The Beat Act

The morning comes I awaken and paint on that smile, ready to go out on my stage and give you all a show. The spot lights on, and they call me giggles. "The day went great" cuz that's all you see. My curtain fall and hear comes the tears. The paint washes away and finally the real me, the anger the depression, all that hurt comes into the light. Then they call me tears the one that weeps cuz this is me, the one no one sees. So next time don't see the pain or the play I give. See me for the person that hides deep down. Help me to cut the act and just be me.

Savannah

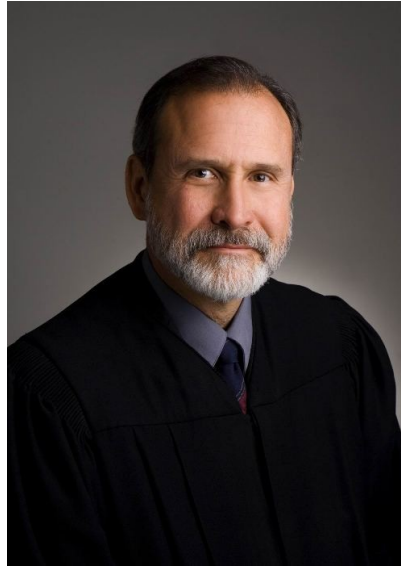


Fathers, Daddies, and Papis

The day I was born my mother gave me away. Being that little I didn't know what was going on, now I'm 15 and feel it all. I feel a banded, not wanted, like I was a mistake. I've been through counseling since I was eight. They ask me questions like does she do drugs? Did she have issues? They blame all my problems on her leaving me. I don't wish to meet her or one day look for her because if she didn't care for me then she isn't going to care now! It wasn't my loss, it was hers. I grew up without her and I'm still growing. I don't need her she don't mean crap to me. I made it on my own with the help of my grandparents, that's all I need. In the future, if the day comes that she some how tracks me down I'm going to let her know I made it 15 years without "you" and I'm not perfect, I make mistakes and I'm still staying strong, so thanks for giving me away I'm happier then ever.

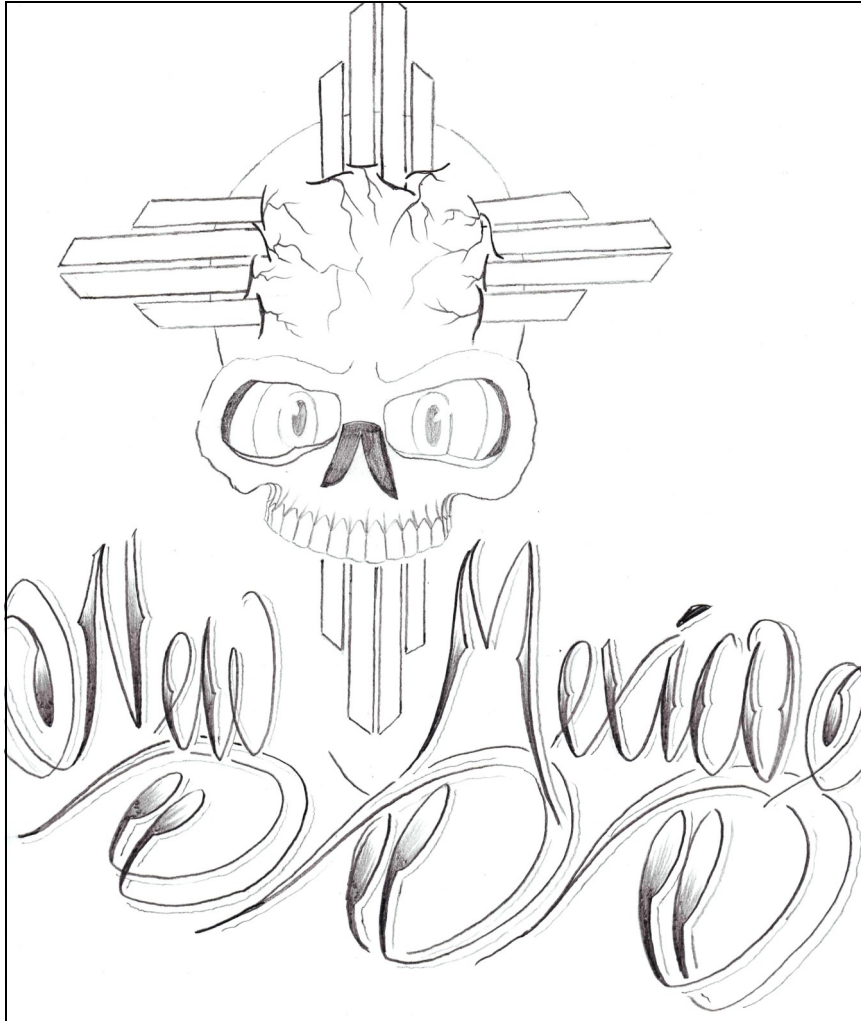
Kristen





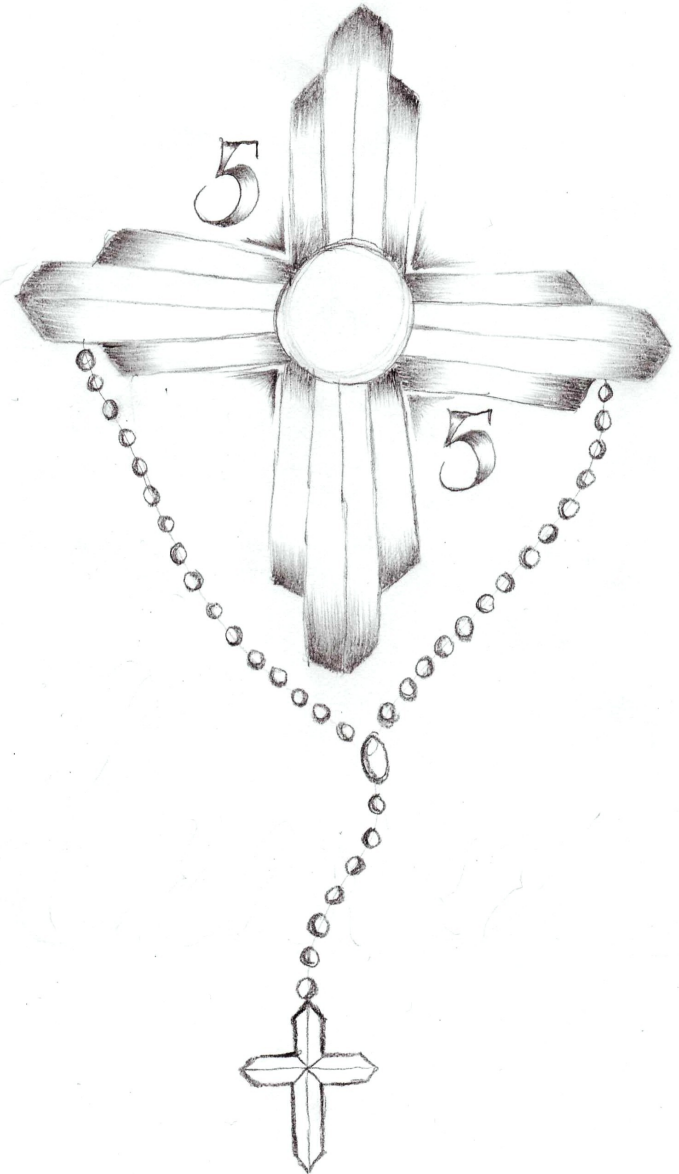
As a judge in Children's Court, I can try my best to help young people get back on track when they get on the wrong path, using all of the tools available to me through the judicial system. There is no way I could do my job without the help of others who care about young people and want to give them a chance to grow up to be the best that they can be. There are many things that influence a young person to either fail or succeed, but I believe that the most important thing is self-esteem. If someone believes in themselves, respects themselves, and cares about themselves, they will believe in others, respect others, and care about others. This is how our world improves. The "Voices of Our Youth" program provides young people a means of expression that gives them a way to get their frustration out appropriately and creatively and to build a little of that precious thing called self-esteem. Thanks to all the people who dedicate their time to compiling this book so that this hopeful message can get out.

William Parnall
Children's Court Judge
Second Judicial District Court



Art above by: Roberto

Art to right by: Elyissa



Walking in her shoes

“What did I do that was so bad that made her do this to me? Why is God punishing me like this? Am I a bad mom? Why didn’t I leave this world when my mom did? Take this pain away from me, please!” I could hear my mom saying these words. It hurts me to know that I’ve been hurting her all this time and I didn’t even realize it. She’s told me numerous times, but I didn’t think it affected anyone but me. Why couldn’t I see it from her perspective? Why was I so blind? Was it the alcohol that blinded me? Or was it my self-centeredness? If only that bottle had a caution sign that said, Warning: you may become addicted and it may not only ruin your life, but also hurt the ones you love. If only.....

Samantha

The Way Things Are

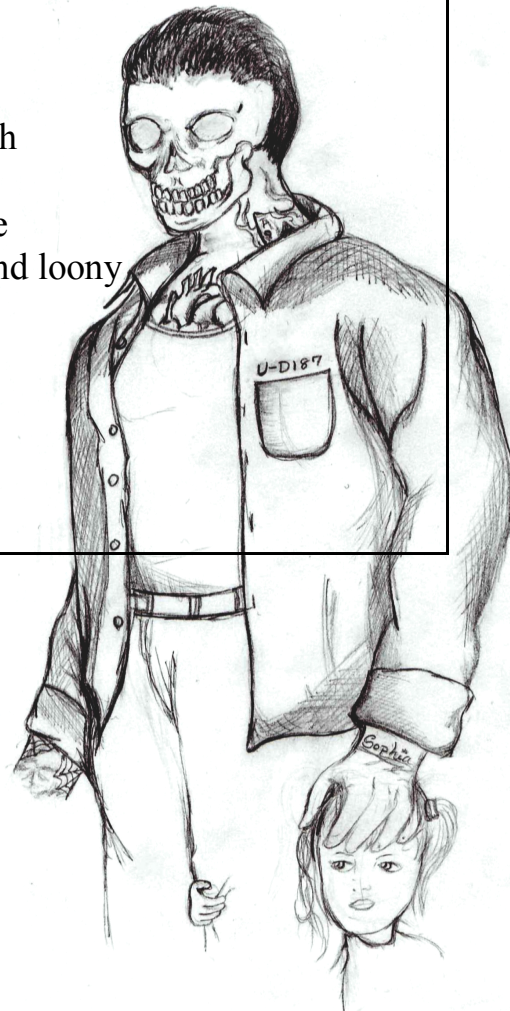
I'm sorry mama,
For putting you through all this drama,
I know that you can't seem to depend on anyone or to rely,
Man does it hurt me to see you cry,
Don't you ever forget that I love you,
Because my love for you is oh so true,
Hugging on you from my jail cell,
The life in here is hell,
Wishing to see your Beautiful smile,
Something about it makes me want to go wild,
Don't worry I'm only gone for a little while,
You tried so hard,
I remember you crying when I got my report card,
I wish you could turn back the hands of time,
To where I never even committed this crime,
It feels good busting this rhyme,
I hate being in this empty place,
I need your love,
And from up above,
His smile and Grace,
THE WAY THINGS ARE!!!!

Shaina

Murder is Insanity

Synapses and cerebration broken, logic and cognizant
Broken, logic and cognizant
Reasoning uncollected
Please for help ignored
Will this convict go away
Cuff, abuse, gas, ect
Requests for mental health
A last gasp
The man that stands alone
Mad, deranged, insane, and loony
Sane murder insane

By: Steven



“The Word of Mine”

I speak the word to the lord of mine,
But never receive nothing back,
I pray night and day,
I pray to change my ways,
My future,
My life,
And to see the day of survival,
Praying in the hands of a bible,
Keep me safe and away from the evil
spirit that lives upon me,
And leave the word on me,
I cant see the way and path to the fu-
ture of mine,
And the last day of mine,
To see what I cant find,
To see what ends the life of mine,
Please god lift my words in the hands
of yours,
I cant stand to the fullest of what this
earth of yours become,
So please lift me up so that I could be
one of your one and only one,

By: Orlando



Behind these walls

Behind these walls I sit because I did wrong.
 Behind these walls people say is where I belong.
 Behind these walls I watch every day go by.
 Why am I behind these walls, God please tell me why.
 Behind these walls I'll stay for the next year.
 Behind these walls it's not often that we shed tears.
 Behind these walls they said will help me make a change.
 Behind these walls makes me worse and causes me pain.
 Behind these walls kids wanting help, is all I see.
 Behind these walls I learn to love the place I'm in.
 Behind these walls is like home and wan'na see it again.
 Behind these walls it's called Y.D.D.C.
 Behind these walls I'll never leave, even if I had a key.
 Behind these walls I developed a mentality for this place.
 Behind these walls I learn never, love, just hate.
 Behind these walls I stay and never want to go.
 Behind these walls is where I lay cuz behind these walls
 is my home.

Xavier

My Biography

Hi my name is Cassandra; I was born on September 7th. Six years later my birth mom left me at Joy Junction when I was 6 years old. I got up and called my auntie Mary who raised me for 10 years ever since I was a little girl. Now I'm 16 years old and I'm my own parent. I will never trust an older person again. I was raising my own brother at a young age; my brother is my best friend cuz we were always together. My brother calls me "mom" cuz I am his "mom". Lupe our birth mom got my brother on drugs and used him. He was in and out of Juvi because he was bad in drugs, so when he didn't have a place to stay I would let him spend the night at my aunties. I would just hold him because he was scared. I wish someone could take away my pain because I'm tired of hurting and crying for Lupe to come back and just hold me. Life isn't easy for me because I feel so empty and confused in life. I don't know what the hell to do anymore. If you see me out on the streets just stop and talk to me because I'm searching for Lupe, but I know I'm not going to find her. It's sad that this is my true life, I wish someone would just sit down with me and listen to me about my life. My life is jacked up because I had no mother, father to teach me what's wrong or right. I taught myself and my brother what's hurting us and it was our mom leaving us with nothing to say. Now I am wishing that I didn't do what I did. The heck with the haters that say I can't make it in life, even though I grew up to fast. Now I know my momma ain't nothing but a crack head, I was a mom to my brother, but now it's jacked up because he says I can't be shit! I'm stuck in jail feeling like I'm half dead, dreaming about the last blunt I lit, the last hoe I hit. I knew I was doing the wrong thing, but now it feels like I'm in a dream so unreal. I've been here so long I forgot how to feel.

Cassandra

My Life

I grew up poor
Momma always had me watching the door
My only friend was a rock
It was the only thing to which I could talk
I was so alone
Mom loved me but it was never shown
Soon I became like leather
All because we never spent time together
She was always high
And never had the heart to tell me goodbye

By: Creighton



Another day another dollar (in the systems pocket)

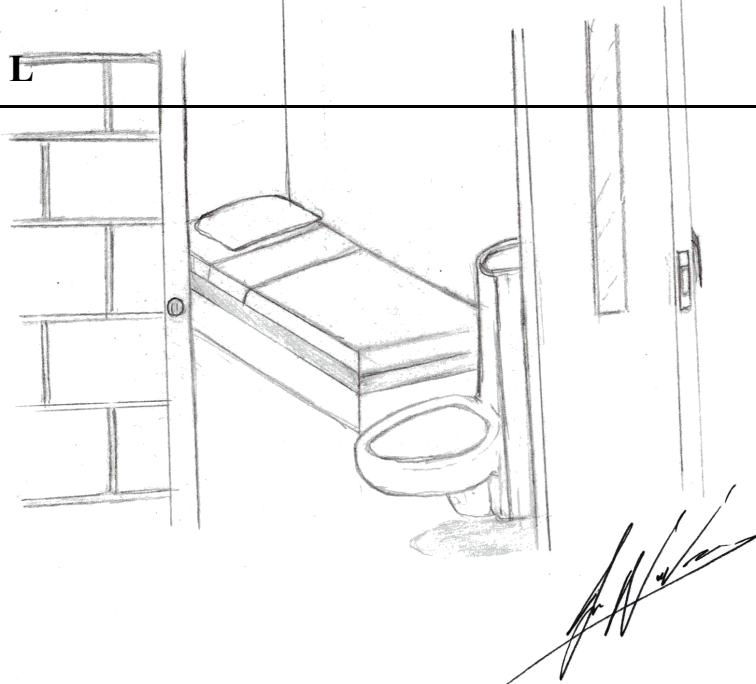
Well hello there Beat readers. I have been reading the Beat Within for the last 3 years since I have been in and out. This last stay has definitely been my hardest. My father was diagnosed with cancer in 2005. It was colon cancer; stage 4 which is the last stage. My dad passed away October 23, 2009. He lost his long battle with cancer. My dad wasn't always the best role model. As I was growing up he was a heavy alcoholic and involved in many criminal activities. He was 37 when he was diagnosed with his cancer, following a six month separation with my mom. Well we went back with my father and things were hard for him, but I think this has all been for the better. My father was a very angry person, he was not open minded, but throughout his last years he put away his pride and opened his eyes and in my opinion he realized what life was about. He forgave people who he hated, and found God. See, me and my dad were not very close but I learned so much from the man. I have had good parents but have not made the right decisions you could say. I have been addicted to drugs, sold drugs, and the whole ten yards. I have thought I was the hardest kid on the block and was lost for a very long time, but I think I am honestly coming around. I've had lots of time to think and things are looking so much clearer. I've seen my family and friends struggle with drugs and crime, in and out jail, stuck in a what seems an unbreakable cycle, but where does it end? I know that crime will go on and the struggle will remain. All I can do is look out for myself and my younger brother seeing that my eldest brother is lost in the adult system. At one time I saw no other way of life then drugs and guns, but that part of me is dead and gone. I have matured and realize that all the things my family have done was for a reason to insure that I live my life to the fullest extent. Well this is my first writing to the beat but I can assure you many more to come. Thanks for having the Beat it is a very good way to relieve stress and for all doing time keep your head up and learn something...

John Jr.

Bad Influences

Hey what's up Beat? Just thought I would drop a few lines. We'll I would like to write a little story about Prostituting. We'll I my self was a prostitute not by choice, but my mom was always on crack cocaine, and she would always make me go out with other guys just so she could get money for more crack. I never said nothing until I got tired of her and I told her I'm not going to do anything else for her, no more, I told her if she wants' to get money she can do it her self.

Lil E



Anger & Pain!

You could never feel or see the pain that I regretted to receive. Not one moment could you see or feel the anger that I reflected against me. Test me, trust me, the lifestyle that I lived disgusts me, corrupt me, It never was lovely. In and out of a cell, not far from hell. But giv'in so many changes to excel. So sit back & listen to these lyrics that I been spitt'in. Because it's real, words right here that have been written. Three years of my life and it's my freedom that I'm miss'in. The streets get you "No" where except set you up for death or prison. I couldn't ever go back to the same routine that put me in this position. Not will I ever miss that lifestyle that I was live'in. And I'm thankful for those chances that I was given. Every night & day I sit here and wonder why. I use to blame the whole world except myself for bullets passing me by. I tried. Its rough, the system is tough in this cell, here I'm stuck. I can't take it no more, I ran out'ta luck and I've had enough. So take me away far from this anger & Pain.

Jonathan

Which way do I float?

I have been kidnapped by my sins through the years
As I'm captured by the clock in this detention
My mind is tortured through the time
No hopes or dreams
Only fantasy's that are currently disturbed
I'm attacked by plagued visions of my former youngster years
What a deflowering shame
As my thought travel I'm held captive by my reality
Fear grips onto my flesh
Tearing it apart
Just by the thought of a 2 year commitment
I continue to fight myself in here
But where is that going to take me?
I wake up every morning with my stomach in a hurl
Soul desires to be cleansed by fresh water's
Exhausted of my evil actions that bring the stench of an open grave
Which way will the current of the sea take me?
I'm like a piece of drifting wood
Which way do I float?

Manuel



Farmington, New Mexico
San Juan County

What can I do?

I sit here scared not
Knowing what she is doing.
Does he laugh at how stupid she is?
Does he throw her across the room and
Scream at her?
Does she cry every night and wish
She was dead like me?
I pray every night hoping it's not true
I wan'na save her!
But can I
Should I go back to just protect her?
I'm lost and scared not knowing what to
Do for her
One wish I have for my baby sister is,
She will escape from my step dad's like me!!!

Savannah

What writing gives me

What writing gives me is a release point, even though I can't spell. But it helps me get through my problems and I keep my head up. When I was in school people used to tell me I was going to die or go to prison, but I'm only 17 years old. I'm very determined to beat the odds, and get my G.E.D. and then go onto get my college degree. This way I can run my own restaurant. When people put me down I just keep going and keep my head up as best I can.

Snow Flake

Hurting my mom

Hearing my mom cry and watching the tears down her face tears me apart, putting her through this again kills me inside. She is my heart & soul I didn't realize how much my actions affected her. I'm sorry mom; forgive me I honestly never meant to hurt you and put you through all this pain. Keep your head up and I'll be home soon, I love you and thanks for always being there for me.

Paris

Death on the Street

I open my eyes. I don't know where I'm at. There's someone next to me dressed in all black. I can't see his face because he's wearing a hood. Then I recognize the place, it's my enemy's hood. About 10 feet away a crowd of people stand around a body of a boy lying dead on the ground. As I walk up to the scene someone says "he's only a teen". I can't see who he is, I don't know where he's from. Bullet holes in his body from someone else's gun. I see a cop car and hear the sirens getting near, so I walk away with a slight fear. Who was the kid? Who brought me to this turf? I don't remember what I did. I don't remember who I hurt. Did I take his life? Was he from another gang? Maybe we got in a fight; I hope I caused him pain. I turn around to leave, but get scared by what I see. The person in black says "come with me". He has a deep voice that seems to growl when he talks. He puts his arms around me and my legs start to walk. He tells me to close my eyes, and I'll know all the questions that I asked. As he walks by my side I start to see the past. I see people dying, I see mothers crying. To the street I drop and beg him "please make it stop, why are you making me see what I'm seeing, all these people I see dying, and there are all just teens." I don't understand as he takes me by the hand. He says "Take a closer look; these are all the lives you took." Now I start to scream, "Why did I do these things? If I didn't take their lives they would have taken mine." I see guns, knives and everywhere I look a gang sign. My eyes suddenly open wide and I wish this was a night mare.

I'm at the place where that kid died, but there's no one there. A boy walks out of his pad wearing the wrong color of rag, and another kid gets off a car I can't see him because he's too far. On his face he wears a rag and hollers out Southside. The other kid gets mad and tells him let's fight. There in the street boxing as a crowd starts watching. One of them starts kicking the other one on the floor. As his shoes slam into his face I just stand there and watch this war. Now the kid stops and starts to walk back. As the other one gets up and walks at him pointing his strap, the gun shots explode with slugs flying through. The boy's face now is full of bullet holes, and bloods all over the place. I don't know the kid so I don't really care, but now he's dead and my colors are what he wears. The guy in black tells me "One more question to ask, one more thing to see after we go I'll let you free."

We walked up to the dead teen, as he lays there bleeding on the ground I stand there lifeless without making a sound. My body lays there my face has a bullet hole, and then I realize I'm dead now. This is just a soul, the man turns around to leave and then I know who he is. It was death on the street showing me everything I did.

Xavier

My heart still beats!

All the days of my life I seen people get hurt
I was 13 years old trying to sell work
My Mama getting pimped treated like dirt
150 dollar she'll take off her skirt
My big brother died in a fatal car crash,
He was supposed to be a Laker I was supposed to be a Dolphin
Now the only memory I have is seeing him in a coffin
I never really had a home so I turned to the streets
I started selling drugs screaming forget the police
Poured some liquor on the curb saying R.I.P
I had nobody in this world, nobody but me
I remember when I slept on a park bench
Police caught me smoking so I hid in a ditch
My grandma taken medicine so she can live
My aunt is 24 but got 4 kids
My grandpa is 62, and never meet his real mother
His daughter 16 with a 32 year old lover
All I'm trying to say is I've been through struggles
Hurt to the point of carrying a gun,
But Left it down on the ground
Kept in mind it could have been worse
I could have lost my life at birth
lived on the streets with out cash
But here I am refusing to accept defeat
I'm locked up in jail now but my heart still beats.

Reggie

Thoughts of a thug

Sitting in my cell late last night
Looking out my window
A big fence in sight
Thought about my life and every crime
Now I reminiscing on do'in time
Thought about the murders and stolen gats
Thought about the poor old lady I attacked
Thought about the money and Mota too.
Thought about my family and if they'd make it through
Thought about the drugs and all the lies
Thought about my Mom and even heard her cries
Thought about my cousin after being deceased
But all those thoughts were gone after being released

Wedo

Locked

Let the day of my birth be erased and the night I was conceived. Why wasn't I born dead? Why didn't I die as I came from the womb? Why does God give life to those in misery, and snuffed out light to those who are bitter? I long for death and it won't come. I search for death more eagerly than for hidden treasure. Why is life given to those with no future? To those like me surround with difficulties living in the ghetto of Burque? What I have dreaded most as a child has come true, Locked, Incarceration....

Surrounded by piss stained brick walls, I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, only trouble striking me with the breath of God destroying me as I vanish into this system with the blast of his anger!

Corrupted lies given to me in secret as an infant, as though whispered in my ear, memories of this fucked up youth come to me in disturbing visions at night. I'm in the middle of a sticky situation; literally my blood's dripping to a sickening degree. Who can speak of having a 1st degree felony, rivals attacking me for revenge, beaten and ragged, weak through battery. I have been kidnapped by my sins through the years. As I'm captured by the clock in this detention my mind is tortured through the time.

No hopes or dreams, only fantasies that are currently disturbed. I'm assaulted by plagued visions of my former youngster years. What a deflowering shame, as my thoughts travel beyond these handcuffs & shackles. I'm held captive by my reality, fear grips onto my flesh tearing it apart. Just by the thoughts of consuming time, I continue to fight myself in this establishment. But where is that going to upraise me?

I wake up every day to the morning hush with my stomach in a hurl. Soul desires to be cleansed by fresh waters, exhausted of my evil actions that bring the stench of an open grave. Which way will the current of the sea take me? I'm like a piece of drifting wood, which way do I float?

By: Manuel

Roses are red
And my clothes are blue
When I think about were I am
I don't know what to do
I can not see the moon
And I don't know if I'll be out soon
I was acting like a goon
Now I eat with a plastic spoon
I can not see my little brother
Or my midnight show
I am stuck in unit-A
Room five is were I be
I can not see the trees blow
Or the grass grow
I want to hear the wind blow
Or fill a breeze on my skin
I don't know when this will end
Or if it has even begun

Lorenzo

Abuse

Lost in this world of hate, anger, and frustration,
Like one single dot on a television full of static.
This time you left feeling afraid,
Not for the second,
Not for the minute,
But for a lifetime that you may never forget.
Quick to react, like the twitch of a single muscle,
Caused by hurt and pain, mentally, physically, and emotionally.
Now you're left with many visions,
Visions of a hurtful past,
A hurtful future,
Visions of hope, wishes, and dreams to be fulfilled.
To escape this world, you're left alone,
Like an animal locked or chained up.
Having the feeling to have to do something or get help,
But can't
You're lost
You're afraid
You're alone.
You see only more of this world as if no way out, you can see.
This takes courage, strength, and motivation,
This could be hard to find in yourself but not impossible.
You're now left with thoughts and choices,
Choices to do right,
To help yourself,
To see better days.
It's up to you what happens from here,
Try to reconnect with yourself and thing about what you really want.
Abuse!

Jeff B.

Various programs for the residents while inside the Center

The programs are provided by the Center Staff, Social Worker(s), APS, PB&J, Program Manager(s), representatives from Church Services', as well as various other agencies.

• Young Fathers Group	once a week	Instructor	Ken Ortiz / Kathy Gallegos
• The Beat Within (writing group)	every Wed	Instructor	Steve Serna / Lisa Santoyo
• Pet Therapy	once a week	Instructor	Cookie Norris / Dede
• Substance Abuse (boys)	weekly	Instructor	YSC Staff
• Restorative Justice (boys)	weekly	Instructor	YSC Staff
• Choices (girls)	once a week	Instructor	Leslie Kirpatrick
• PB & J (girls)	once a week	Instructor	PB&J Staff
• Art Therapy (boys then girls)	twice a week	Instructor	Kris Sly-Linton
• Ropes Course (seasonal)	twice a week	Instructor	Jesse Mendoza PHD/Jamie Taylor
• Creative Drawing	every Friday	Instructor	Dan Doherty / James M./ Steve S.
• Regular Albuquerque Public School	M-F	Instructor	APS
• Special Events	various dates and times	Instructors	vary by event / Gilbert Romero
• Religious Event	weekly	Instructor	By Clergy

In the event that APS is out and there is no school, the Unit Staff will conduct a program on each unit for that day. On the evening shift, each unit provides a daily program for the residents. Each program is logged and accounted for on the topic, how many participated, as well as the outcome of the program for each unit. Residents also sign program sheets stating that they participated in the program.

Black Feelings	“It’s Justa Dream”
Being alone is the dark	
Living in fear of the black	I’m hidden behind my shadow
Ashamed of my past	No matter what I do or say
Contemplating on the future	It’s just a dream I toss and turn
Killing of the good memories	Whenever I lean
Facing all the bad ones	I go with what I’ve seen
Entering a world of animosity & pain	Sweat drippin off my sleeves
Exiting the world of love & joy	I try to get out of it
Leaning into the arms of the devil	but I just can’t leave
In a crossroad not knowing where to go	I focus on what I see
No one around, just alone in the dark	I wake up see myself struggling
Going crazy in my own world	Hands wrapped around my neck
Suicides on my mind, just a game of Russian roulette	I look around to check
Kathleen	Shake my hands off
	Pop my pill
	I try to stay calm and chill
	All I feel is blood rushing through my veins
	From my head to my heels
	I finally snap
	And realize it was
	Justa dream
	By Orlando

The Juvenile Probation Office offers services to clients with less than three misdemeanors within a two year period and also for clients at-risk for delinquency:

Families in Need of Services

The JPPO staff meets with families on a walk-in basis to discuss concerns in the home. Referrals are made to community resources to assist the family.

Community Outreach

The JPPO staff facilitate program in the schools to address bullying, drugs & alcohol and peer pressure.

HYBRID Class

All males over 13 referred for a misdemeanor are eligible to attend this two hour class devoted to educating families about the consequences of delinquent behavior.

GIRLS Circle

All females over 13 referred for a misdemeanor are eligible to attend this two hour circle group to promote communication and assist participants in understanding their behavior.

Part 1 of 3

The Juvenile Probation office continues

Early Intervention/GIRLS Program

Clients 13 & under who are referred for a misdemeanor are eligible to participate in this all-day class with their parents. Boys and girls are separated into two separate programs. This is a classroom setting which addresses topics of self-esteem, drugs & alcohol and bullying.

ScOutreach Program

All clients 12-16 years of age are eligible to participate in the Boy Scout 6-week program. Participants will learn about scouting and be exposed to outdoor activities and civic engagement.

Alternatives to Violence

Outcomes, Inc. partners with Juvenile Probation to provide a restorative justice program for clients ages 13-18 referred for assaultive type behavior. Through community circles, groups and mediation, each participant in any altercation has the opportunity to be heard.

The Juvenile Probation continues

Adolescent Intervention Program

Albuquerque Behavioral Health partners with Juvenile Probation to create a diversion program allowing clients over age 13, that have been referred for more than one misdemeanor, in two years, to address the behavior outside the formal court system. Through a six week program, clients have one meeting with a psychologist, meet weekly in groups, and meet with a trained therapist.

Alcohol Drug Education Program

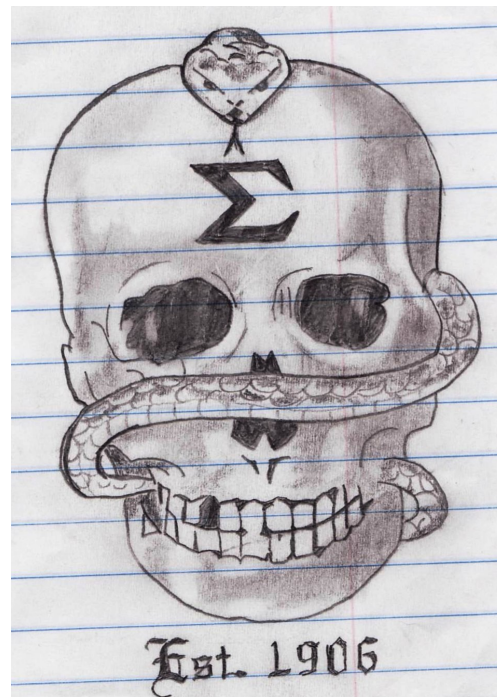
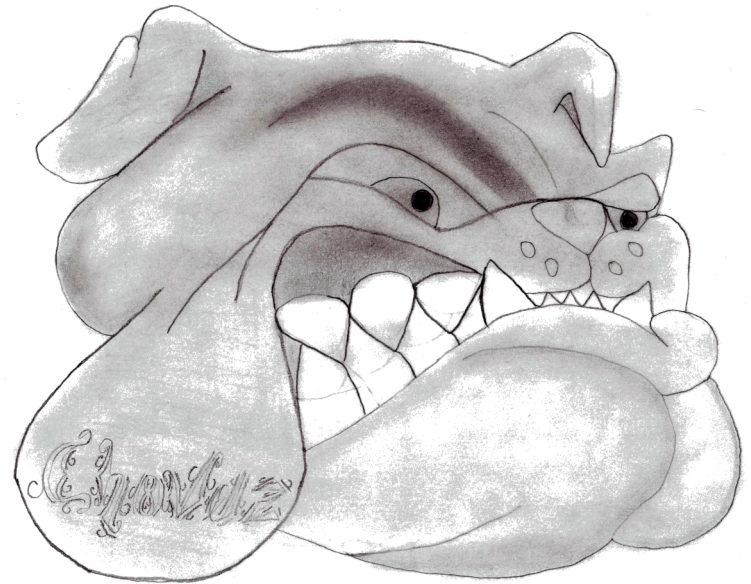
Through a grant, the JPPO staff facilitates a six-week program designed to educate families on the effects of drug and alcohol use. All clients over 13 years, who have already attended a class, participate in this program.

Valerie Lopez
JPPO Supervisor
Prevention & Intervention Unit

Second Judicial District
5100 Second Street, NW
Albuquerque NM 87107

Valerie.Lopez1@state.nm.us
505-841-7305

Part 3 of 3



Top left by: Elyissa

Center by: Synthia

Top right by: Chris

My Cray World

I live in a world with out meaning; I can't even explain my inner feelings.
This world seems crazy with no time aside, but when we come together there's no need to hide!
But if we step forward and don't look back our kids will grow and continue our traits
This is a poem about my crazy world, it will get better and all come together

Issac

The mask we wear

The mask that I wear is on everyday
When I woke up I put it on
So on one knows who the real Alex is
So no one can get in
So no one can get close and hurt me

Alexander

Tamed

A temple of lavishing blood, through the windows of my soul, with the flaming desires of freedom, my soul is shackled and chained to this imprisonment. I'm a withering plant in the coldness of winter. The time that I have consumed has been carved with a tire iron into the tablet of my heart. The physical pain is countless as the sand out in the desert plain's of Nuevo-Mexico. The thought of being released sets fire under feet.

Lok Bonez

The D-Home

Every where I look I see blue
That's because I'm in the D-home Boo Hoo Hoo
We stand on our lines from 2 to 10 everyday
And these girls really bug me but it will be okay
There are nasty things in here like spiders and lice
One girl even had scabies, boy isn't that nice
They serve us beans with every meal
Then girls get gas so imagine how I feel
They leave blood in their panties and don't wash them out
Then we all get line time so we stand there and pout
That's the end of my poem so thank you
I just want out

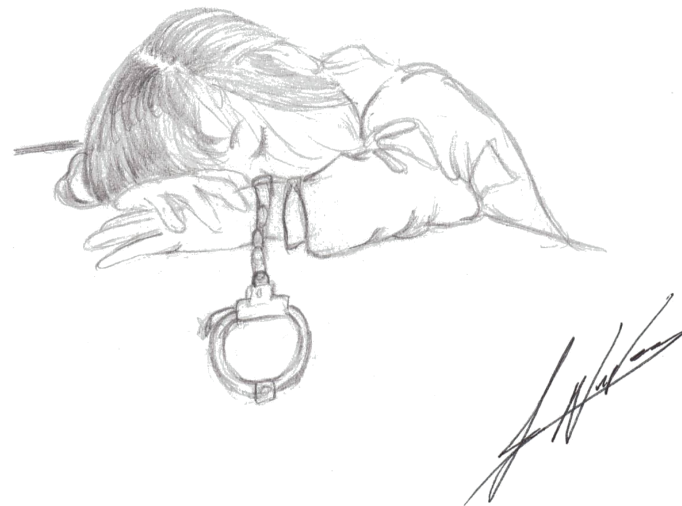
BROOK

VCJDC

What this place means to me
Brush your teeth, comb your hair
If I look good they don't care
We have to ask permission to cross the red line
The bra I'm wearing isn't even mine
Hands behind my back
People still talking smack
Staffs screaming do this, do that
How about you just get off my back
Washing everyone's drawers
Is my daily chore
Stuck in cement walls
Playing basketball
The boys don't even pass me the ball
"Hello!" will you except a collect call?
My P.O. always makes me cry
Asking me when and where and why?
If I'm alive the staff is doing their job
Wearing these clothes, I feel like a slob
Clean the tables is all I hear
When I get mad my eyes fill with tears
I'm tired of being locked up behind these doors

I can't answer my cell phone anymore
We watch movies all day long
At bedtime Eugina sings her song
Knocking on my door all night long
"Room Number?" what's going on?
Every night I say my prayers
Hoping someone is listening out there
What is this place that drives me crazy
VCJDC Baby

?



The Way I Felt When I Was On And Off Drugs

Because of the way I felt when I was on drugs I always wanted to get in trouble with the law. I was put on probation, kicked out of school, and always in and out of jail. I was always talking to law enforcement, and was put in many treatment centers. I was taken away from my family for two and a half years. The way I was feeling at the time was lonely, sad, and scared to never see my family again.

I felt stupid not being sober, red eyes, always hungry. I had a bad attitude towards everybody and worried about finding eye drops for my eyes to take the redness away. It also made me look bad in front of everybody, and I had a bad reputation. I always had to argue with every person that was around me.

I felt that I would have no life and education. I also thought I wouldn't be able to accomplish anything in life. I also said I would never stop doing drugs, drugs were good for you. Sure enough I snapped . I was in the wrong about all my actions.

The time came when I finished using drugs, and was clean and sober. I felt that I didn't have to be so angry with every one . I didn't have to yell at any one anymore. I did not have to take everything out on any one, and I didn't break anything around the house. I did not have to be so mean with my dirty looks. I also did not have a bad attitude towards everyone.

I didn't have to worry about getting in trouble, like being on probation, and having someone to tell me what to do all the time. I did not have to sit in jail waiting for court, and go to treatment for drugs . I didn't have to deal with attorneys, and police.

It was good to be an athlete with a school team for the junior varsity and varsity volleyball team. I also didn't have to worry about getting caught by the school coaches, and security. I did not have to fail a drug test when they asked for one. It made me feel really good to feel involved with a school, and getting along with everyone. I had a good reputation with the law in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

(page 51)

Continued from page 50

It made my family members and I feel really good that I had nothing to worry about. Like hiding my drugs from my family members. I did not have to worry about getting caught in all kinds of lies, about the drugs on me or it's way. I felt that I was always worried about getting caught by my parents breaking out with my old friends that just wanted to get me in trouble. They were not really my friends to start out with. They are there to hurt you instead of helping you out. I also felt that I did not want to lose my family's trust about doing drugs. Usually when you are using, and abusing drugs , people think that you will never stop and you might commit suicide. That's the way I felt when I stopped doing drugs. I wanted to thank God for setting me free from drugs.

By Leticia



When they find out

Before I was locked up it was pretty much a secret about me being bisexual and wanting to make porn's of three-sums. When I got locked up, my mom found my phone that had porn's, and not only me naked, but me kissing girls. When she found that she was so mad that when I had my first court hearing she said she didn't want me. She said I was disgusting and she didn't talk to me for a couple days. I told her that we were just messing around and that I don't like girls. Her seeing that made me feel like gross just like disgusting because that's my mom. The reaction she gave me made me feel awful because she should accept me for who I am not what I am.

Shana

When I look into the mirror, I see.....

When I look into the mirror I see a depressed lonely girl with dark brown eyes and curly hair. Waiting for the day to get out to be free once again, to be able to live on my own life, and start fresh with no problems and no worries. The only person I would have to depend on is myself, and maybe my child that might be on the way. I look in the mirror and see not a mess up, but a girl that just wants to be able to live her own life and not back in here. I want to be able to show my kids right or wrong, to not grow up doing drugs-drink, to be smart and go back to school and be good. Most of not to be in here like I did, I want them to grow up with a mother and father and not around these streets. I look in the mirror and I see a gangster grown up into gang violence with drugs and no mother or father in my life. I grew up lonely with nobody to support me, nobody to show me right from wrong, nobody but myself. Now that's the way it has to stay. The only people I can trust in my life now is my fiancé, and his family, the Martinez Family is my family one and only family now. That's the way it's going to stay because they are the only ones that care for me.

Madelin

About my life

I'm an only child; my mom is a very, very sick person. She is in a wheelchair, so it's pretty hard for her. I've done too much drugs and that's what got me here in the D-home, and I have a lot of depression because my dad's been locked up all my life. My mom can't stop me, so this is what I got myself in. I also found a very close cousin dead, he was only 4 years old, when he got into methadone. Then I found my uncle dead a year later, he is the one who took my virginity away at the age of 3&4 years old. I've done so many drugs to take the pain away, but my baby Amadeo G. is the only one I'm very close too. It's like I gave him birth, but I didn't and then to know I had to find my heart dead. I love you baby, Amadeo.

Francine

Writing!!!

I have to write. It's my release. Just today I was having a breakdown, having a real hard time. I was in deep tears. The Beat Within staff (Steve) came and picked us up. I came sat down and started to write. I automatically had a smile and felt so much better. When I write I can say everything without speaking. Everything I've been through and have done I can't say, but I know I can write it all. The Beat Within has helped me a lot. Thank you so much!

Savannah

The one thing I fear the most right now is....

The fact that I could eventually if I keep messing up, be taken away from my family and never be able to see them again. That would scare me because they do nothing but support me in everything that goes on. They love me I know they do because they always show me this by coming to court and visitation every week.

MJ

Repeating or Breaking the Cycle

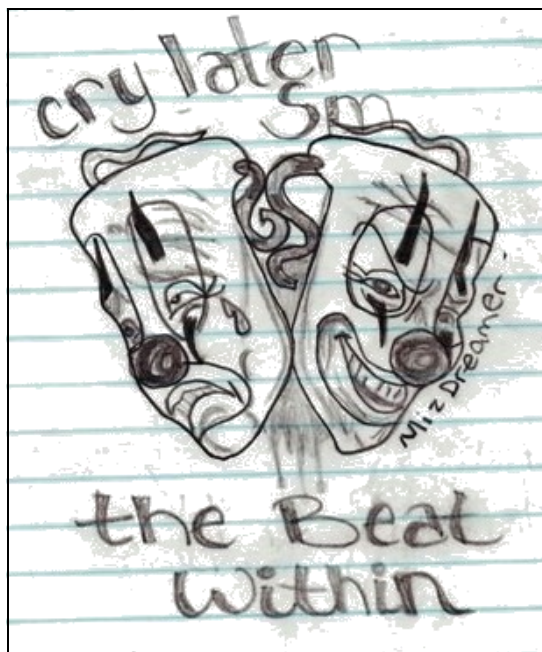
Me, personally, I think that everyone makes their own choices, but in most cases like mine. I think that mostly my dad and his brothers and there dad had a huge effect on me because doing the things they did or done is what I thought I had to do to become a man. They all always told me “since I was about 15 I ‘v been in and out of being locked up.” Like my dad now in 2009 he is 42 years old. All together he has done 24 years behind bars. That’s more then half of his life, and he still goes in often. My uncles are the same way. One just got out recently; he just did 20 years flat and is only at the age of 45. It goes on and on all the way down to me. I got jumped into a gang when I turned 11 years young. Since then gang banging was just a part of life, also like them well like every single person in my family came what seemed natural, ‘Drugs’. Aunt, Uncles, Cousins, Grandma, Grandpa, Mom, and Dad, every single member is an addict. Since I turned 13 I started the worst thing I think that I could do, shooting up. Having to look at myself in the mirror to only have the thoughts that I’m just like them, but I don’t feel like a “Man” like I thought they were. Only because they would get into fights, sell and use drugs and get locked up. I have the thoughts in my head to try and break the cycle, but then honestly I look at reality and don’t see things changing, not for me. I hope they will with my next generation on the way, but know that I won’t be able to set a lot of positive examples to follow.

Lil Zane

Repeating or Breaking the Cycle

The cycle starts with my grandpa, when he was younger he was selling drugs and messing around with guns, and eventually he got caught up and sent to the pen. My dad followed his footsteps and started selling drugs and got caught and did 13 years and my uncles started following his footsteps and eventually they ended up in the pen. The next thing you know, I am out and about in the streets selling dope for an extra dollar and caring around my gun for some extra protection and the next thing I knew I was locked up for some serious stuff. I just hope my kids or nephews break that cycle so it don’t keep going on and on, it could just stop with me.

Manuel



Art by
Miz Dreamer



Twisted

Don't get it twisted
I don't love you anymore
I would be lying if I told you
I still love you like I use to

I fill it was not worth it
You don't mean any thing to me
I'll never use the words
I love you

I'm sorry but I have to tell you the truth
It's not too late

(Now read from bottom to top)

Xavier

Locked up

This is my story about getting locked up. Missing time with my family, how I felt, and what kids of things I could have done with my time instead of wasting my time. I am going to start with the time I was missing with my family.

People have choices I picked the wrong choices. I missed a lot of time with my son. His name is Adrian; he is about one year old. I missed his first words, also missed him crawling. Another thing I missed is Mother's day, Father's day, and my girl's birthday. That hurt them a lot. This is what happened when I was locked up that caused me to miss time with my family.

These are the feelings I was feeling when I got locked up. Sometimes I felt lost and other times I felt mad. But it's no ones fault but mine. You do the crime, you do the time. Other feeling's I would feel are sad, hopeless, like I am nothing. Also the only thing that would keep me going is the bible. I have explained my feelings and how I felt.

Last of all, the things I could have done with my time instead of wasting my time are I could have been in school more. I could have finished my probation. I would have kept going to counseling making my life better. But most of all I would make my family happy by doing all these good things and being in there life instead of being in jail.

Finally, this story is to help young people going through hard times think about the choices you make so you can make your life a whole lot better. You would need to think about missing time with your family, how you would feel, and what kinds of things you could have done with your time instead of being locked up. Remember that everyone has choices it depends on the ones you choose!

By: Tomas

Splitting up between family

I just turned 14, and January 10, 2007 I was living in South Central L.A. I had just recently been ranked into the gang life. The day of my birthday my dad went out looking for me. Towards the end of the day he found me, and took me away from my homies. He made me and my brother move to Nogal New Mexico. I don't know why. When we got to our new pad we unpacked and got settle in. I began to go to school in the town of Capitan. I began to use drugs and drink, I also became suicidal. I would cut my wrist. My dad began to hit me, literally for no reason. I got tired of it so I ran away. About 3 or 4 days after I ran away I went to school, and they called me to the office to talk to me about my wrists. They called my dad and told me he was going to take me to get assessed for treatment. I broke down in tears and told them every thing that was going on. They called CYFD (children youth and family department) and had them take me instead. I was assessed and got sent to Mesilla Valley treatment center. I was only supposed to be there for a week, but I ended up being there for 7 months. I got released to treatment foster care, here in Albuquerque. I was with the foster family for about one month. During that one month I was suspended for a gang related fight (ten days). I was put on a harsh contract, and when I went back to school on the contract I broke my contract within three days. I was scared I was going to go back to treatment, so I ran. I ran away from the foster home too. Where did I go? I went to live across the street with my baby daddy. It was up in a place every one calls "the war zone" here in Albuquerque. I lived with him for two years. I began to go through abuse with him. About three months after being with him, I got pregnant. He abused me so much, so bad he accused me of so many things; so many problems came up in the house I was living in. I left and went to a shelter called New Day. Problems were coming up there so I left. This is how I began to live on the streets even though I was living on the streets I still went to school, I still went to group, I still did drug tests, and I was doing hella good. I'm in here now because I was defending a home girl, my guardian's daughter. But now I know there are other ways to approach things like this. When I get out Im'a do me. Not to hers, not homies, me. Im'a put a bullet in this cuete n shoot your way Beat. Weno.

Traviesa

Community Custody Program, Youth Reporting Center and Girls Reporting Center

Community Custody Program (CCP) is a pre-adjudicated alternative to detention programs offered by The Youth Services Center (YSC). Our Alternative to Detention Programs lower the detention population, creating the opportunity for the YSC staff to relocate and provide supervision to youth in the community, who would otherwise remain in detention. CCP staff supervise high risk to lower risk youth, while keeping the community safe. They supervise program clients by ensuring they are in compliance with their court order to include; checking school attendance, conducting random drug tests, performing random home visits and making referrals to other alternative program settings. CCP also has a Case Manager who assists clients in returning to an educational program, following-up with any court ordered mental health or substance abuse assessments, counseling, and providing a smooth transition, and a continuum of care from CCP to probation once they complete CCP. The Case Manager will initially conduct a crisis safety plan interview and assist the youth and family in any immediate needed services. A service plan can also be completed for more comprehensive services to be put in place for our youthful offender clients. CCP/YRC/GRC continually has about a 95% success rate with program participants. This includes being highly successful in maintaining Youthful Offenders in the community.

In addition to CCP, the **Youth Reporting Center** and **Girls Reporting Center** supervises pre and post adjudicated youth, Monday through Saturday. These programs are a direct collaboration between the YSC, the Probation Department and other court program participants. These programs provide families the extra support until the youth are returned back into an educational setting, a job and/or have constant supervision in the home. The YRC is open from 8 a.m. to 8p.m. and GRC is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. During their stay in these programs, the youth may participate in many of the following programs: civic engagement, literacy programs, drug and alcohol education, life skills, non-violent communication, ropes course activities, yoga, restorative justice, conflict literacy, STD and AIDS education. We also take our youth on visits to the Natural History Museum, Explora, Hispanic Cultural Center, the Aquarium, Zoo, Fishing trips and Isotopes games. YRC and GRC provide the youth with breakfast, lunch and dinner- at no cost to the family. The youth are able to return to their homes at night.

Leslie Jiron, Program Manager

Community Custody Program/Youth Reporting Center/Girl's Reporting Center

Bernalillo County Juvenile Detention & Youth Services Center

(505) 468-7125

ljiron@bernco.gov

Fax # (505) 462-9986

Eleanor Molina, YPO II

Community Custody Program

505-342-3779

emolina@bernco.gov

CCMHC Write Up

CCMHC was established and licensed as a children's community mental health clinic, as well as certified as a case management agency in the fall of 2001. The clinic was established to assist and support children/adolescents and their families, who had been placed in the detention center and would be released to the community, as well as children/adolescents and their families, who had been referred to the juvenile court system and juvenile probation/parole offices.

CCMHC provides an array of behavioral health services, including psychiatric care, psychological testing, counseling/therapy, and case management. Providers at CCMHC offer years of experience in working with children/adolescents/families that have been involved in the juvenile justice system, ranging from referrals to the system through incarceration, at juvenile correctional facilities. In addition, providers at CCMHC offer experience in working with children/adolescents/families who have experienced psychiatric, emotional, cognitive and behavioral difficulties from a young age. CCMHC offers services to young children, adolescents, and young adults up to the age of 21.

In addition to providing behavioral health services to children/adolescents/families who are involved with the juvenile justice system, CCMHC provides services to children/adolescents/families who have no involvement with the legal system. Referrals to CCMHC are accepted from Juvenile Probation/parole, the Courts, Attorneys, BCJDYSC, self and family, schools, community providers, and insurance agencies.

CCMHC may be contacted by calling 468-7106 to schedule an appointment.

<p style="text-align: center;">The Ideal interview</p> <p>Who would I interview? My real father.</p> <p>Why? I want to know the real answers. I want to know why he never kept in contact. Why he didn't pick up a phone and call me but he can pick up a needle and that bottle? Why every time he came around he told me he would stay, but then his phone rings and he's gone the next day? Why he made my mom suffer? Why those other girls? Did he forget about me? Did he ever care?</p> <p>What would I do with that information? I would take whatever he had to say and throw it away.</p> <p>Brittney</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Sitting in the cop car</p> <p>My first thought when I was sitting in the back of the cop car was how bad I messed up, and I should have left before the cops got there. I was also thinking "how could my mom do this?" but no one put me in the back of that cop car but myself, my mom didn't put me there, I did. This whole time I blamed others for my actions sitting in that cop car, I had so much hate for my mom. I told her I never wanted to see her again, and when I got in to the D-home for the first time I started to take responsibility for what I did. I started feeling all my emotions at once, how much I missed my mom, and how much I missed my sister. The things I was missing out on, and how much I have disappointed my parents, grandparents, and my boyfriend. My life wasn't supposed to be like this, sitting in the back of that cop car. I let temptation suck me right in.</p> <p>Nikki3</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">When I was sitting in the back of that police car, I was thinking</p> <p>When I was sitting in the back of that police car, I just didn't believe what was happening to me. I was mad at the world; I just couldn't believe that my freedom was getting snatched away from me. I was so mad at the police officers when they were just trying to do their job. At that moment I hoped that I could just be invisible and slip out of that situation, but at that moment I was so mad at every thing and at the same time I was just hoping that my parents wouldn't let me down, that's that last thing I needed.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Jaime</p>	

The one thing I want and must do in my life

There is only one thing that I want and must do in my life, now of course there are numerous thing in life that you must accomplish that are given. Such as building a career, a family, paying your bills, and so on. But there is one thing that I must do in my life.

I used to fight, cuss, and sometimes even hit my family members. I knew at the time that it wasn't right, and it's still not right to this day. It was getting so bad that I got kicked out of my house, and ended up living on the streets for five months. I was living with my friend's girlfriends, but mostly with the street.

I really did not know what I was in. Not knowing that my family really did love me. I did not think that they did, if they loved me so much then why did they kick me out? I thought, "Puck them", was my one thought in my mind.

After living on the streets for as long as I did I started to get lonely with no one to tell me that they loved me. My father could always find me. He knew all my friends and all my hang-out spots. He would get a hold of me, asking if I needed anything, food, money, whatever.

He always said "if you need anything just call me." That was "Love". But in my mind I did not want his or anybody else's help. I was on my own and I liked it that way, no one could tell me what to do, not even the cops at that point. I got in trouble with the police with some loitering, and I told them to screw-off and ran, never getting caught. I was getting away with so much, but getting so little in life. I was getting very tired of it.

(the one thing I want and must do in my life continued)

One night, I was drinking and smoking, not the best two things in this world, but they were my world. I got to thinking real hard about my life, my friends, but mostly my family, and the things we did while we were growing up. Such as birthdays, holidays, waking up to Christmas together, riding bikes together, even eating dinner together. I missed all of that so so much, you, whoever is reading this, would never imagine how I felt.

So that night of heavy drinking, heavy smoking, and heavy thinking, I called my dad to see what it would take to be accepted by my family, back into their house. Now during my run-away days I was also on the run from my probation, and had three felony warrants. There was only one way to take care of those problems and that was to turn myself in, and that's what my father told me to do. "Go and turn yourself in, start doing the right thing in life". I thought hard for a day or two to see if I really wanted to turn myself in. I knew that I would have to go to the D-home at some point to resolve this. I wanted to just be with my family, and in order to do that I had to turn myself in. I thought of it as if I wanted to go back to my family I had to sacrifice my freedom for a while. I agreed to it, I turned myself in and now I'm sitting in jail writing this story. I really think doing this changed my life, or my look on life, what's more important, and what not. If there's one thing I want to accomplish in my life is to always have people that will love me forever, even after seeing me through my worst times in my life. My family is what really counts in my life and its what I want to accomplish. The end.

Tim

We Need a Change!

People always want to know how YDDC is, so I'm gon'na tell ya'll from my point of view as a client, and it goes like this.

There's these buildings we live in we call cottages. There's, Ivy, Sandia, Loma, Manzano, Melagro, Espranza, Zia and Mesa cottage. I'm gon'na tell you a little bit about Ivy. 6am we wake up for chow as we walk to the chow hall I look at the Mountains, their so beautiful, it's cold at this time. After this we come back to the cottage, and do our hygiene and clean. Then at about 7:30am we go to school, at school there's a lot of people who want to help us change, but will we or not. I think school is the best place, but worst at the same time. All the Teachers help us, the Principle and Assistant Principle Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Hines they do so much for this place. A lot of us don't appreciate it, we fight, we blindside, and we jump people, why, for what? A number or to show were down. It makes me mad that kids have to do this, mostly they do it out of fear, but the staff and school staff still try to make it safe for us. After school we go to lunch, and then back to the cottage for the rest of the day. Shower, eat dinner, and go to sleep and do it all again the next day. Late at night I think to my self (why?) why do we do all this nonsense, and I can't come up with the answer. I wish I could, I want to help change kids. YDDC Does so much for us and tries to make our stay as good as possible for us. I mean we are locked up, yet we still have dances, sports, parties, and things we don't deserve but we still get them. I hope this place will change some kids. A lot of staff tells me they don't do it for the money, but for the fact that they might change a kid's life. Statistics say 8 of 10 kids in the Juvenile Justice system will go to prison. Can we change that? I hope so, every where I look I see so many young Hispanic males and females here. Why can't we be like the rich kids who never ever think about jail? Why are we the ones who want to run every time we see cops? Why do we sell drugs? I'll tell you why it's cuz we chose to, no one makes us. I used to blame people for my bad life, but it's no ones fault I chose how I live. We still can make a change that's why I write to the "Beat" hoping it will come hear to help change someone. I'm the first kid to write and right now I have no back up on this but I know we can make the change. I hope that with me writing I can change some Juveniles life cuz I don't ever want to see my brother in hear. This is why I do this, I have so many things I want to do to help kids and I have to start some where. I am trying to help kids while I'm locked up, my mom told me "you can do anything you set your mind to" So that's what I have to do. When I first got here the Deacon Mr. Balaya told me "you can be part of the problem or the solution." I've been part of the problem for a year and a half, and now I want to help. I know we can change, but it's just a matter of never giving in. I hope the Beat comes hear to YDDC cuz we need a change, and I have faith we'll get it. We just have to be patient and wait!!! Thank you to everyone at YDDC who give us support, you all have made a change and it's me. Thank ya'll, God Bless

Xavier

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To our youth for their voices and a true insight into their lives', even if it is only a small glimpse.

<http://thebeatwithin.org>
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